

Cries of the Son of God.

BEING THE
SUBSTANCE
OF SOME
DISCOURSES

DELIVERED AT

Kingstwood in Gloucestershire.

By *J O H N C E N N I C K.*

*Who in the Days of his Flesh offered up Prayers and
Supplications with strong Cryings and Tears.*

Heb. v. 7.

L O N D O N :

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BEING THE
SUBSTANCE
OF SOME
DISCOVERIES

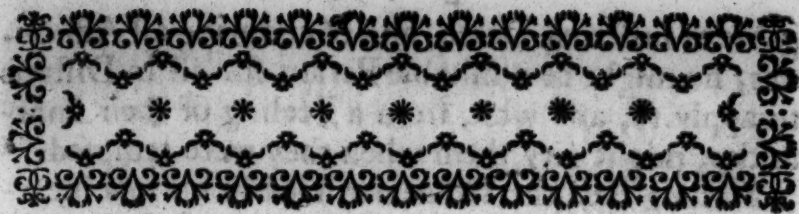
READ AT
The Royal Society



BY JOHN C. NICHOL

Who was Director of the British Museum at the time of the
discovery of the bones of the Megalodon and other
fossils.

LONDON:
Printed and sold by H. Evans, No. 1, Pall Mall.
1830.



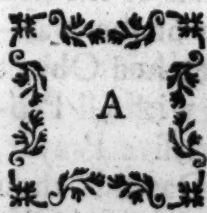
I

T H E

Cries of the Son of God.

MARK XV. 37.

Jesus cried with a loud Voice, and gave up the Ghost.

 **A**LL the Sufferings, Troubles, and Afflictions of our Saviour's Life, served to make him an experienced Physician and Priest of his People; and to this End he underwent all Pains and Sorrows, and waded through all the heaviest Oppressions and Temptations, that he might feel how near they touch a weak Soul, how deep they pierce and wound, and how bitter and sad they make every human Creature's Life. To prove this truly, it became necessary that the Lord Jesus should be lower than the Angels, and take on him a Nature inferior to theirs, that being made ca-

pable of suffering Death, and of enduring all Afflictions, he might be a suitable Person for all in Distress to apply to, and who, from a Feeling of their Infirmities, might pity them when they were tempted.

So long then the Redeemer lived in his low incarnate State in the World, till from the Infant to the State of Manhood he had passed through and felt all Misery, Sickness, Pain and Temptation. He well knew what Poverty was, and learned dearly what it is to be weak, a Stranger in a Land, an Exile; to be Friendless, an Orphan, hated, slandered, and, above all, the Mark and Butt of all the Envy and Spleen of the evil Spirits. He above all others by way of Eminence, deserved that Character, "A Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Griefs. He was smitten and afflicted of God." Satan made War with him. His own People received him not. We hid our Faces from him. He was the Scorn of Men and the Outcast of the People. But, as I hinted before, this qualified the Son of Man to be a suitable Person for his high Place in the Church of God, and for the Office with which he was now invested, namely, to be the Saviour of the lost World, the Physician of his sick and distempered People, and the Healer of the Nations; for now the poorest and most wretched Object can approach to him with Hope. And with all Propriety use that old but sweet and expressive Prayer, "Have Mercy upon me thou Son of David!" thou Son of Man! thou afflicted and tempted Jesus! who knows by long and bitter Experience what a sad Estate I am in, help me, and save me out of it.

But though our dear Saviour's whole Life-time was one Scene of Hardships, Troubles and Grief, it seemed as if the most heavy Part remained till last; and as his Life drew near to an End, the bitterest Dregs of the Cup of the Lord's right Hand were reserved to be poured out upon him in Body and Soul, and
this

this extorted from him the strong Cries and Tears which shall be the Subject of our present Meditation.

And first, it would be not amiss to observe how silent the Lamb behaved during his troublesome Warfare, till he came to die. Very little is said of him till he was driven out into the Wilderness to be tempted; he seemed to have chosen to eat his Bread of Affliction in secret, and as "a Sparrow he sat alone, and mourned like a Dove in the Wilderness," when "he mingled his Drink with Weeping," and when "in the Day-time and in the Night Season his Soul had no Rest."

The Miseries of the short Space of his Ministry are mentioned in some Measure in the Gospel; but it is remarkable, no Ingratitude shewn him, no Shame, Blasphemies of the Multitude, Fears, or Blows made him complain. No, he bore all with a divine and imitable Patience; and even when *Herod* and his Guards set him at naught, and his reverend Head was buffeted and beaten through the Hall, and his innocent Face covered with Shame and Spittle, his Hair and Beard torn off, and he mocked and derided in the most barbarous Manner, it did not force from him a Word. Nothing betrayed in him a Sorrow that he had undertaken the Work; no Expression or Look shewed he repented, or that he wanted to be released out of such cruel Hands. "He was as a deaf Man, and as one in whose Mouth are no Reproofs," when "false Witnesses laid to his Charge Things that he knew not;" nor could the Menaces and Threatnings of his Judges, the Rage of the Priests, nor false Charge of the People make him break his Lamb-like Silence. Who can tell what he sustained when they stripped and scourged him? Who knows, or can think, what he felt when they put the Crown of Thorns on his

Head, and laid on him with their Hands and with Staves? Or who can form an Idea of the Smart and Anguish he bore when the Cross was laid upon his fore and raw back, and he was led out like a Robber to die? But could a Man be able to guess at his bodily Pain, yet who in Heaven or Earth can judge what his righteous Soul felt from the Wrath above, and from Hell beneath? Let him feel what he would, and bear all Men and Devils could lay upon him, he held his Peace, and answered not a Word. Inward Sighs, Tears, and Drops of Sweat and Blood innumerable flowed from him, but "He did not lift up his Voice, nor was his Cry heard in the Streets."

"O come hither ye daughters of *Jerusalem*, and see the King with the Crown wherewith he was crowned in the Day of his Espousals! Behold how glorious the King of *Israel* looked," in the Day when he went out of the Gate of *Jerusalem*, "Dumb as a sheep before his Shearers, and as a Lamb led to the Slaughter." He answered not before the Judges, because he knew we were guilty: He complained not, or dropped the least murmuring Word, that we might see how willingly and contentedly he suffered all our Chastisement, and did not think the sharpest grief or most cruel Stroke too much to ease us, and save us from Hell.

But when they had stripped him again, and nailed him upon the Cross high in the Air, he who had so long kept silence with Pain and Misery, at last spake with his Tongue. "Listen all ye Isles, and hearken all ye Nations what the Lord God will say."

And he cried and said, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

This seems to have been the first Cry Jesus made from the Cross; and, as he had now entered his High-priestly Office, his pale and wan Skin was his white Ephod, his Wounds, his black and blue Places, the
Wheals

Wheals and Furrows of the Lashes, the Scratches of the Crown of Thorns, and Blood streaming and dropping upon all his aching and stained Members, was the embroidered Robe; his reeking Nail-prints were for a Censer, out of which ascended the sweetest Smoak and the most pleasant Savour that ever came up before God's Throne. Just as the Priests of the Law spread their Hands towards Heaven when they burned Incense or offered Sacrifices, and (while their Spices and Gums perfumed the Mercy-seat) made their Supplication for the Children of *Israel*, so did Jesus Christ; he spread his Hands upon the Altar of the Cross, and offered his own innocent, and now cut and mangled Flesh in the Room of Sinners, and made his Almighty and prevailing Intercession, which he began thus, "My Father forgive them." *Moses* was esteemed the meekest Man, but his Patience was often tried, so that "He spake once unadvisedly with his Lips." And *Elias* the good Man of God made Intercession against *Israel* in his Anger. *David* also, the most lively and bright Figure of the King of Kings, in his Haste prayed against his Adversaries. But though Jesus had all the Wrong done to him which could be invented, and though he was hanging in the most shameful Spot, upon *Calvary*, the Place of Execution of Murderers, Rebels, and Blasphemers, the very Gate of Hell, and though all were deriding, tempting, teasing, and provoking him round about with bitter Reproaches, and presumptuous Mockings and Jeers; though they had put him in the middle of two Thieves, that all who looked on should reckon him the greatest; yea, though the very Thieves themselves were reflecting upon him, and *Jews* and *Gentiles*, Princes and the Mob, the Priests and People, all were adding to his Sorrow, and as it were trying to make him angry, he did not cease to

be the same gracious Lord, but "loved with everlasting Love," and the most they could hear from him was, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

All they did proved how far Satan had deceived the World, and made appear what a blind and hardened State the natural State is. The whole Company thought they were serving God, and Zeal for their Religion, as they thought, prompted them on to crucify and blasphemetheir true King. Jesus knew who was at the Head of all, and that his own Enemy had done it, and therefore prayed for his Persecutors, and endured the Contradiction of Sinners against himself. He had before prayed for his Apostles and Disciples, but now he prays for his Enemies, for the Drunkards and Whoremongers, for the Thieves, Robbers, and Extortioners, for the Irreligious and Infidels, for Persecutors and Profane, and for all Sinners whose Crimes and evil Deeds tore and oppressed him. For the Sins of the Unchaste and Lustful he was exposed naked and ashamed before all the World and before his own Mother, and the other chaste Women who followed him. O come ye lecherous and defiled Men and Women, and see what ye have done to our Saviour! Ye Dunkards, you have mingled for him the Wine, the Wormwood, and the Gall! ye Proud, ye have trod him under Foot, and abased him as a "Worm and no Man," ye have stripped him and made him ashamed! Ye Unjust, ye have nailed his guiltless Hands with such piercing Pain to the Tree! Ye Wanton, ye have made Sport at him! and ye Despisers of Godliness, ye have set him at naught and mocked him in a purple Robe! Ye Sensualists, ye have made his Grief intolerable, ye have made him fast and suffer Want! Ye Careless, for you he cried out and wept Rivers of Waters!

Waters! Ye Easy and Unconcerned, hear what he says to you, "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by, behold and see if there be any Sorrow like to my Sorrow wherewith the Lord has afflicted me in the Day of his fierce Anger?" How justly might he have said to all in his Displeasure, "Depart from me?" or left the World, wicked and stupid as it was, to have suffered its full Punishment unpitied? How might he have spared himself the Trouble of suffering and dying for so hardened and rebellious a Generation as he foresaw and foreknew we should be? or at least left unhelpt and accursed all such as would not be obedient to him, but by their Sins crucify him and put him to an open Shame? O Love! pure, free, distinguishing, and sovereign Love would not permit him to do this. He still loved his Enemies, and those who did not love themselves, and amidst the height of their Revilings and Barbarity, in the keenest of his Torments, and when most vexed and tempted, he became their Intercessor, and got in between the Offended and the Offenders: He got between Heaven and Earth, as it were, to meet the Storm, and take the Blow from his poor Children: "He stood in the Gap to turn away the Wrath," and became their Advocate with such strong Cries and Tears that he prevailed and gained their Cause: He made Peace and obtained their Pardon of his heavenly Father. God had once spoken to his Servant *Moses*, to get out from among the People that he might destroy them in a Moment, because of their Murmurings against his Prophet; and often notwithstanding the tender Intercessions of *Moses*, his Judgments overtook the Unbelieving, and some fell by Earthquakes, by Serpents, by the Enemy, by the Plague, by Fire, &c. and lest this great Day's Sins and crying Rebellions should have stirred the Divine Wrath, Jesus prays
for

for them with such Vehemency, and with such irresistible Force: every beating Pulse, every Feature, Look, and Groan spoke for them in the Eyes of the Lord, and every gaping Wound was like so many open Mouths suing and intreating for Mercy, till he had obtained Mercy, even eternal Redemption for them.

This Cry of our Saviour is yet the Language of his Heart above, and though uttered now so many hundred Years ago, is of the same Force and Effect this Moment in the Presence of God, as if his Son was now bleeding upon the Cross and speaking these Words. His Blood speaks still for us, and when we pray to be forgiven, it is only like the Eccho of our Saviour's Prayer. When we cannot speak, or do not know what to ask, that speaks for us, and asks all we want, "My Father forgive them." For let our Case be what it will, or let it appear in such a Light as it please to our View, we need Forgiveness, Forgiveness alone: We need this every Minute, every Moment, and to our last Breath. Whoever is taught of God his own sad Estate feels it thus, and his constant Hunger and Thirst is for Forgiveness, his daily and hourly Cry is, "My Father forgive me."

This then is the High-priestly Prayer and general Intercession of our Chief-priest and Bishop Jesus, and by Means of which alone the Pardon of a guilty World was merited, and by Means of which we are heard, accepted, and saved for ever.

The second Time our Saviour spoke from the Cross was to his disconsolate and afflicted Virgin Mother, and to *John*. "When Jesus therefore saw his Mother and the Disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his Mother, Behold thy Son, and to the Disciple, Behold thy Mother."

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It has been seldom taken amiss of Friends and departing Relations or Parents, if in their dying Agonies they have neglected to speak to those who stood by, or not answering them, or spoke a Word to their most tender Acquaintance or dearest Friends; and had not our Saviour said any Thing, but continued to sigh and languish in his deepest Sadness and Sufferings, one should have thought it no Wonder, nor esteemed it a Proof of his cold Affection to his Friends: But tho' "There was no Sorrow like to his Sorrow," and tho' the Devils were round him like Dogs and Bulls on every Side, tho' his whole Body was on the Rack, and his soul sinking under the Weight of all Mens Sins, and pained with the Sting of Death and Hell, he could not forget his People; he saw his beloved Mother's Tears, and it touched him, therefore he spoke to her and said, "Behold thy Son:" As if he would have said, O weep not, *John* shall be to thee a Son, and shall be in my Place to thee; look upon him henceforth as thy Child, and love him as thou hast loved me; he shall be a comfort to thee in thy old Age, and shall be in my Stead when for a little while thou shalt see me no more. It has been often observed, that though our dear Saviour loved the blessed Virgin, and chose her before all the Virgins on Earth to be his Mother, yet he always called her Woman, and never Mother. *Elizabeth*, when she was filled with the Holy Ghost, calls her the Mother of my Lord. The Disciples and Evangelists also called her the Lord's Mother, but Jesus did not; and herein our Saviour meant not Disrespect, or Coldness, or want of a filial Affection to the best of Mothers, for Jesus loved her eternally, and without doubt she is now with her God and Son in his Throne in Heaven, "And all Generations shall call her blessed:" But he knew how in Years to come the Enemy would work, and
would,

would under Pretence of Religion, ascribe that to her which was only due to her Son; or lest through Weakness his Disciples should esteem her a Goddess, and worship and pray to her, and so rob the Redeemer of his just Honour and Praise; therefore Jesus called her always Woman. She was indeed a Woman and a Sinner, and needed God to be her Saviour, as she expresses it in her Song. Besides, it was needful for our Saviour to call his Mother Woman, that we might depend upon it, and be thoroughly persuaded that he was the Seed of a Woman. Let us therefore esteem her blessed above Woman, in that God did not abhor her Womb, but humbled himself to be Flesh of her Flesh and Bone of her Bone, and in that Body he took of her he saved us to all Eternity, but then let us know at the same Time she is what the Lord called her, a Woman, a Sister, a Fellow Inheritor with the Saints, and saved and blessed thro' her Faith in Christ as we are. When a certain Woman had heard our Saviour preach in the Days of his Flesh, she cried out, "Blessed is the Womb that bare thee, and the Paps that gave thee Suck:" As if she would have said, Blessed is the Mother of such a Child; but Jesus answered, "Yea rather blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it." Hence we may learn that the Virgins keeping his Word, her great Faith and Trust in him, was more than her bearing Christ into the World.

So much seemed necessary to say on this Head, because our Lord said to his Mother, "Woman behold thy Son." But after he had comforted her that bare him in this Manner, he looked upon *John* and said to him, Behold thy Mother: As if he would have said, Be to her what I have been, comfort her and love her for my Sake; be thou loving and tender of her, and let her love and be tender of thee. This was the

the Renewal of this New Commandment, "Love one another."

Our Saviour did not intend this merely for these two Saints, he meant it for all his whole Church, and would have us learn, that that was still uppermost in his Breast, and on his Heart from everlasting, to love us; and no Torments, Hell, nor Death, though they came like Floods upon him, could make him forget us. He thought upon us when in the travail of his Soul, and bid us love one another from his Cross. Our Saviour intended his Elect should be one Family even upon Earth, and therefore said, "Woman behold thy Son, Son behold thy Mother." Younger Christians should reverence and esteem the Aged as Parents; the Aged should help, advise, and love them as dear Children, and remember, we are one Man's Sons, we are Brethren, and have no Father upon Earth but one Father which is in Heaven; and the very Mark and Badge of our Discipleship among Men must not be our Order, Discipline, or sound Profession, though all these are good and Praise-worthy, "But by this shall all Men know that ye are my Disciples," says our blessed Master, "because ye love one another." *John* says, "He that loveth not his Brother, is not of God."

There is a real and solid Truth in his Doctrine, "Ye are Brethren;" all the Ties of Consanguinity, Friendship, and being of one Country, Stock, or Family, are by far less binding than the being baptized by our Saviour in one Spirit. It cannot be otherwise; where true Christianity is, there is lasting, everlasting Love. Nor is the Love of the Children of God mingled with that Painfulness which always accompanies carnal Love, nor is it sullied with Lust, or forced by a good Education, or kept up and maintained with temporal Views; but it is the
imme-

immediate Work of God, and a Spark of the Flame wherein Jesus offered up himself. The Love of Christ constrains us, and this Love to one another is not confined to such as are converted alone, but is extended to all Mankind, to our Enemies and Persecutors, but is especially and reciprocally felt and known by the Household of Faith.

They love even to Death, and whenever a Company of Believers are together, the Heathen World must be constrained to confess, "Behold how these Christians love one another!"

The third Time of our Saviour's speaking from the Cross was to one of the Malefactors, who was awakened at the Intercession of the Lord, and on whom God immediately answered his Son's Prayer. It should seem by what St *Matthew* and *Mark* write, that this Man had joined the Blasphemers in the Beginning to revile Christ. "They that were crucified with him also reviled him." He doubtless had been a notorious Rogue, and guilty of the blackest Crimes, which had brought him to that shameful and painful End; but the vilest and most abandoned appear generally serious when they are going to die, and seem then afraid and concerned; and this should have been expected from these Thieves, who knew before the Sun was down they should be in Eternity; but they behaved as if both had been possessed of the Devil: they seemed insensible of their Danger, and though they stood at the very Verge and Brink of Hell, mocked an innocent Person who had done nothing against them, and said, "Save thyself and us, if thou be the Son of God."

Jesus heard and saw it with an aching Heart, but made intercession for the Transgressors between whom he was hanging, and with whom he was numbered. He loved Sinners, and had the chief of them at his

Right

Right Hand and at his Left; and tho' they were as Brands already in the Burning, he pitied them, and said, "My Father forgive them, for they know not what they do:" Immediately one has his Heart touched by the Finger of God; a divine Work is at once effected, he believes in Jesus, and blames his Fellow-robber for reproaching him. This is the tender Fruit of Repentance. He found himself to blame, and wanted to convince others of their Mistake too, that they might not add Sin to Sin, and then, methinks I see him, turning (with a trembling and a guilty Look) to Jesus, saying, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom." He who before derided the Lamb, now calls him Lord, and begs to be remembered by him when he was entered into his Kingdom. Our dear Saviour was always poor and mean in the World, but never did it seem more unlikely that he had a Kingdom than now. His Disciples, who before had ventured to believe he was a King, now sadly doubted, and were dejected at seeing him die the cursed Death of the Cross; but herein the Holy Ghost appeared with Power, and the Lord made bare his Arm. The dying Felon sees beside him a poor afflicted Jew, a friendless and unpitied Man, reproached, plagued, and upbraided as an Imposter on every Side; he hears his Groans and Sighs, sees his Bonds and Weakness, and yet prays to him as to his Lord, and begs a Part in his Kingdom. This was a true Faith, this was believing indeed, and this justified the Ungodly. Jesus did not let it pass unminded, or answer him with Anger, and put him in mind, that as he had served Satan and the God of this World, he should perish with him; nor did he reflect upon his past cruel and hardened Behaviour, but at once receives the lost Sheep, embraces the returning Prodigal, and answers him, "To-day shalt thou be with me

in Paradise." He did not only forgive him, but honoured him more than ever a Saint or Martyr was honoured, he took him with him into his Paradise; he became one of the First-fruits of his painful Death, who was saved as a Prey out of the Teeth of the Lion. All the Angels and blessed Spirits, who had waited from *Abel*. saw, as the Redeemer expired, he took hold on the Soul of a guilty Malefactor, and from the Gate of Hell led him in merciful Triumph into the Gate of Heaven. No one can venture to say this Man's good Works saved him, for he never did any, and was ready to perish when free Mercy found him out. He was suffering Death temporal for Theft and perhaps Murder, and was going into the second Death for Infidelity, and trampling under Foot the Blood of the Son of God, when Jesus snatched him out of the Burning, as he waded thro' the Pangs of Hell, and made him a Pillar and Monument of Mercy in his Temple for all Generations. He pardoned him openly, that by that Instance of Free Grace he might chase away Despair from all who wanted to be saved, and that he might make the worst and chiefest Sinners learn, that he can save "even to the uttermost, that this Man receiveth Sinners." O see this Pattern of Mercy ye ancient and grey-headed Men, who are going to the Grave with your Bones full of the Sins of your Youth! Come to this dying Lamb, call upon him, "Lord remember me," and you shall find Mercy through this Thief's Mercy. Ye poor Slaves of Lust and Wine, ye Thieves, Whoremongers, and Whores, look up on the Redeemer, and pray him to remember you. Though you have reviled and slighted him, and by your obstinate Sinning set him at naught and put him to Grief, repent and look to him as the Thief did, and you shall "taste and see how gracious the Lord is."

This

This Mercy of Mercies was done so publicly, and shewn on one so abominably vile and undeserving, as I have before said, that Jesus might save us from despairing, and make an eternal Impression upon our Hearts of his Love and Willingness to save Sinners. What greater Sinner could there be? And what greater Mercy could have been obtained? Lord! I wish this Mercy upon myself, and all that hear me; when I die, as my last Hour approaches say to my Soul, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

The fourth Cry of the Son of God was, "I thirst." The Soldiers thought naturally that his Mouth was parched up with Drought, because of his Pain and Sighing, and therefore they filled a Sponge with Vinegar or four Wine mingled with Myrrh, and offered it to him, but he refused to drink it. He had said in his last Supper, when he gave about the Cup to his Disciples, "I will drink no more of the Fruit of the Vine, till I drink it new in the Kingdom." It was not therefore Wine he thirsted for, nor did he receive for his faint Spirits any Comfort from beneath. Had he thirsted to take Revenge on those who were his Betrayers and Murderers, how easily might he have called for Fire from Heaven as *Elias* did, and consumed them all, or caused the Earth to open as *Moses* had done to *Corah* and his Company, and made them sink down into the Bottomless Pit? At his Word the Destroying Angel would have smitten all with Plagues, and left no Soul alive; but that was not his Mind, "He came not to destroy Mens Lives but to save them, and had no Pleasure in the Death of a Sinner:" but his Thirst was to have them saved. He longed for this more than *David* had done once for the Waters of the Well in *Bethlehem*, and languished, waiting for the long wished-for Hour, when all Souls should be given into his Hands. He knew

the Time drew near apace, and his Thirst was keener and more fervent and sharp than ever, when in God's Just and equitable Judgment the World should be declared his purchased Possession, his Reward. If he had only thirsted for the New Wine of the Kingdom, or longed to be again in Heaven in his former Glory, he could have called twelve Legions of Angels at a Word, who would have conveyed him with Songs of Joy to his Throne in the twinkling of an Eye; but though, no doubt, his wearied out and dried up Body wanted Rest, and his faint Soul panted for Peace, and all within him longed to see the Baptism accomplished, yet he so loved his Church, that till her Ransom was fully paid, her Bonds cancelled, and she acquitted in the Judgment above, and past all Danger, he would not rest, but continued to thirst with all his Heart and Soul, till he had obtained her eternal Pardon, and got her "out of the Jaws of the Lion, and out of the Hand of the Enemy." When he had once seen this accomplished, and he had "betrothed her to himself in Righteousness," (for this was the Day of his Espousals, and the Day of the Gladness of his Heart) then his divine Thirst somewhat abated, "he saw of the Travail of his Soul and was satisfied."

This Thirst of Jesus kindles in devout Souls somewhat of the same. As he looked after them with an insatiable Longing, and desired with a great Desire to keep the eternal Passover with them, so they, when his loving and languishing Eyes have looked upon them, catch the pure Flame, and thirst to be beloved by him, they long, and pant, and wish more to feel his Love within, and to drink of the precious Blood which he shed, than can be described. "Stay me with Flaggons" (is their Language) "for I am sick of Love. Let him kiss me with the Kisses of his Love,

Love, for his Love is better than Wine." This Thirst of Souls, this Breathing of Religious People, is from the unfeigned Want of a Saviour and his Righteousness; and this is not allayed till they have found him, and then "they drink abundantly, and their Joy is full."

But now the Cloud grew thicker and blacker, the Storm drew nearer, and thundered louder and louder over his Head: Hell made her last and fiercest Attack, the Sword of the Lord pierced deep, and his Judgments and Thunder-bolts fell heavier than ever upon him; all the Dregs of the Cup of Wrath was now to be drank up, and when all was dark and horrible round about, and nothing was heard but the Raging of the Enemy, and the barbarous Rejoicings of those Men who killed him, while it seemed to him as if the whole divine Presence was withdrawn, and his dear heavenly Father had left his Soul in Hell; for he so truly and verily felt the Curse as if it had been actually and indeed so; then his Flesh trembled because of the Judgments, his Eyes failed with looking upward; every Angel stood aloof, and his Heart failed, his Soul drew nigh to Hell, and all his Bones quaked," and shuddered with very Horror, Amaze, and Torment. In this sad, this inconceivable sad Condition was the dying Lamb, when he roared out like one in the Deep of Despair, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" O what did he feel, what did his soul endure, when this lamentable and piercing Complaint was forced from him! the very Remembrance and Repetition of this Cry makes the Blood in our Veins chill for very Awfulness; it strikes with Shame and Confusion every Believer, when they know with what Anguish, Gnashing of Teeth, and hellish Torture Jesus saved them out of the Lake; and hereby they get the truest In-

sight of their wretched Estate by Nature, as well as
 of their great Danger out of which it cost the Almighty
 Son of God so much to rescue them. Hereby also let
 us be comforted, and comfort one another; for since
 Jesus has experienced what a forsaken Soul can feel,
 "he will never leave nor forsake us," nor will he
 hide away his Face in Anger any more for ever.
 No, since he has endured our Hell, and felt the
 Sharpness of Death, we shall escape, and his Agonies,
 his painful Struggles and Pangs, his Fainting and
 Death-sweats, and this his terrible Cry shall affrighten
Satan and his Angels, hush our Souls and allay our
 Fears, that we may die without Fear. As soon as
 he had thus cried, he took to him all his Strength, and
 "with his own Arm brought Salvation to him, and
 his Fury upheld him." He came to the dreadful Crisis,
 and at once sprung into the Arms of Death and Hell,
 drank up the bitter Cup with Trembling and As-
 tonishment, "tasted Death for every Man," swallow-
 ed up the Curse, and in a Moment tore away the
 Sting of Death, and broke down the Gates of Hell,
 making at once an eternal End of Sin and Wrath,
 and spoiling the evil Angels and Principalities of the
 Armour in which they trusted, crushing under his
 red hot Feet the Serpent in his just Anger, and so
 caught his Bride out of his Service and Power, saving
 her "with an everlasting Salvation," the Sight of
 which gladdened all the attentive Angels, who look-
 ed down and saw the tremendous Combat, who all
 smiled again, and with new Songs, Love and Joy,
 crowded round their expiring Master, whose Praise
 for the Blood of the Cross they sounded instantly thro'
 all Heavens, and began the Honours to him which
 till this Moment he had not, namely, they worship-
 ped him for being slain. Mean while the Sun broke
 out, which had been eclipsed from twelve at Noon
 till

till now, when it was about three of the Clock, and *Satan* retired like a Dragon to his Den, and left Jesus to depart in Triumph more than Conqueror.

Now therefore Jesus knowing he had finished his hard Work and Labour, and that all Things which had been written of him in the Psalms and in the Prophets had an End and were fulfilled, that the Justice of God was fully satisfied, that with Equity he had saved the World, and bought his Church, he uttered his sixth Cry, saying, "Father, into thy Hands I commend my Spirit." As if he would say, My dear heavenly Father, who hast so loved the World that thou hast not spared me, but given me up to die for them, behold I have now finished thy Work, I have destroyed the Enmity, and delivered thy poor People, now I come to thee, take my Spirit, and receive the Soul of thy wearied Child again into thy Bosom.

He prayed thus also to teach us how to depart, and into whose Hands to trust our Spirits when our Strength fails, and we come to our Death-beds. As he gave up the Ghost into his Father's Hands, so we give up our Spirits into his Hands. He is all to us what the Father is to him; and thus *Stephen* departed, saying, "Lord Jesus receive my Spirit." So may we die, so may we with Confidence and Safety have free Access and Liberty to fly to him at our Deaths, and depart in Peace through his Death, without tasting the Smart or pain of that which is properly Death in his Sight for evermore.

Jesus now cried his seventh Cry with a loud Voice, "It is finished," and then "bowed down his Head, and gave up the Ghost." One should have expected, after he had been so faint with bleeding, and so worn out with Pain and Travail, he should have spoke low and weakly as he expired, but "he cried with a loud Voice," that all in Heaven might hear it and sing, and

all the Spirits of the Faithful, from *Abel*, might now see "the Day of the Lord and be glad." When this Cry was uttered upon Earth, no doubt, all the heavenly Hosts shouted for Joy; and sung, "Now the Kingdoms of the Earth are become the Kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ."

He cried also with a loud Voice that all Hell might hear it, and retreat with Shame, having lost their Prey, their Power and Dominion over the Souls of Men, and all Right to reign over them for ever.

But he cried with a loud Voice that all Sinners might hear it, and know, that now the Redemption was finished, an End put to the Curse, *Satan's* Head bruised, Death destroyed and spoiled, and its Sting taken away, the Keys of Hell and the Grave delivered into the Hands of Jesus, the World redeemed, the Fountain of Sin and Uncleanneſs opened, everlasting Righteousness brought in, Reconciliation made, Pardon obtained, Peace proclaimed, and the Gate of Heaven opened to all Believers. All this and more is included in that Cry of our Saviour, "It is finished." It implies all whatever was promised in the Saviour is fulfilled, all his Sorrows and Sufferings are over, his Trials are at an End; he has bought and redeemed his Church, and made his last Words an Answer to all their Prayers till the Great Day.

When he had uttered this Cry, "he bowed down his Head," as if he would take one more look of his dear Disciples and the World, which he had now purchased; and as if he would say to all, Come now near and let me kiss you, and then his dear Soul departed, and he hung dead in the Air, "like an Ensign for the Nations," according to the Scriptures.

These loud Cries, Prayers, Lamentations, and dying Words of our Lord, are now so prevailing in Heaven, and by Means of which all we pray is heard,

heard, and finds Acceptance before the Throne of God. When ye pray therefore, plead the Prayers of Jesus, and let the unutterable Sighs of your tempted, heavy, Sin-sick, or grieved Souls, go up in the Smoke of his bloody Sacrifice, so shall ye obtain what ye seek, and succeed in all your happy Attempts for Mercy. - May ye all prove the Power of the strong Cries and Tears of this dear Lord Jesus in Eternity. Amen!

A N H Y M N.

1. **S**EE on the Cross my Saviour hangs,
All red with guiltless Blood:
Sev'n flowing Streams of purple hue,
Compose the healing Flood.
 2. Loaden with Wrath and all Mens Sins,
Sev'n times aloud he cry'd;
Then knowing all Things were fulfill'd,
He bow'd his Head and dy'd.
 3. And didst thou bleed seven Times for me?
I'll weep each Day in seven:
I'll imitate thy bitter Cries,
And ceaseless cry to Heav'n.
 4. Thy Groans and thy High-priestly Pray'rs
Before the Throne I'll plead:
O God, my Father, think on these,
They have Atonement made.
 5. For ev'ry Week's unnumber'd Sins,
Which else would strongly cry
For Vengeance; hear his sev'n last Words,
Nor let the Sinner die.
6. Out

6. Out of the Bottom of my Heart
I ev'ry Cry repeat ;
O let my Cries, thro' his Desert,
Reach to thy Mercy-seat.
7. Forgive me, Father ! Lord forgive !
My mis-spent Life I rue ;
I did not know what once I did,
When I offended so.
8. Vouchsafe me hence to look on thee,
As my own Father God ;
And thou, behold thy Son, and take
Me home to thy Abode.
9. When my last Hours approach, and I
Am ready hence to flee,
Say, "Thou To-day in Paradise
Shall surely be with me."
10. "I thirst" to feel thy Spir't in me
A Living-water-Spring :
"I thirst," my bleeding Lord to see,
And 'midst his Virgins sing.
11. Forsake me not my God ! thy Son,
Me by his bleeding bought :
Forsake me not, for Jesus' Sake ;
My God forsake me not.
12. My Soul into thy careful Hands
I fervently commend ;
Keep me secure in Jesu's Fold,
And be a Sinner's Friend.
13. When my appointed Time shall come,
Let me depart in Peace ;
Say with a Smile, "'tis finish'd !" then
From all my Labours cease.

